



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

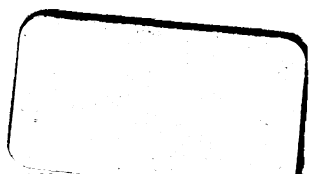


3 3433 04454 8406

D 10-6581

Stevens, Walter B

Log of the Alton ; being a narrative of



☆ LONDON & NEW YORK: BROOKLYN, N. Y.

0

The Log of the Alton

BEING A NARRATIVE OF
THE VOYAGE OF THE
BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE
TO NEW ORLEANS
OCTOBER 25 TO 30, 1909

9573

WITH THE RECORD, IN PART, OF WHAT WAS
SEEN, THOUGHT, SAID AND DONE,
DURING THE FIVE DAYS
AND NIGHTS



BY
WALTER B. STEVENS.

PRINTED BY THE VOYAGERS FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION
St. Louis. 1909.

COMPANIONS OF THE VOYAGE

St. Louis—

Charles P. Senter
George W. Parker
Hobart Brinsmade
Richard C. Kerens
John A. Lewis
Cecil D. Gregg
Eugene J. Spencer
Amedee B. Cole
Fred N. Cheney
Henry P. Fritsch
George C. R. Wagoner
Julius B. Parkell
John E. McKinney
Thomas B. Arnold
Clarence H. Howard
Adrian O. Rule
Roscoe D. Smith
William A. Gardner
Edward L. Adreon
George L. Hassett
Will K. Stanard
Albert von Hoffman
Robert W. Pommer

Walter B. Stevens

St. Louis—

George L. Edwards
Charles W. S. Cobb
William B. Weston
Alexander H. Handlan
Edward A. Faust
William J. Fischer
J. Arthur Anderson
Lewis D. Dozier
Edward F. Goltra
Charles C. Nicholls
Charles O. A. Brunk
John W. Kearney
George A. Meyer
James P. Blake
Charles V. Anderson
Henry W. Lohmann
John H. Dieckman
Christopher W. Pank
Thomas Dunn
Charles E. Crane
John R. Laughlin
Augustus P. Rein
Jeptha D. Howe

Shell, Wyoming—

Jay L. Torrey

Hannibal, Missouri—

Archie C. RoBards
Dr. John J. Farrell
O. M. Friend

Joplin, Missouri—

Hugh McIndoe

Trenton, Illinois—

J. C. Eisenmayer

Hagerstown, Maryland—

Edward W. Mealey



EVERY atom that moves onward in the river, from the moment it leaves its home amid the crystal springs or mountain snows, throughout the fifteen hundred leagues of its devious pathway, until it is finally lost in the gulf, is controlled by laws as fixed and certain as those which direct the majestic march of the heavenly spheres. Every phenomenon and apparent eccentricity of the river—its scouring and depositing action, its caving banks, the formation of the bars at its mouth, the effect of the waves and tides of the sea upon its currents and deposits—is controlled by laws as immutable as the Creator, and the engineer needs only to be assured that he does not ignore the existence of any of these laws, to feel positively certain of the ends he aims at.

—Captain James B. Eads.
In 1875.

The Log of the Alton



THE last warning pull had been given to the bell cord. From the roof of the hurricane deck, Captain Leyhe turned and waved his hand toward the pilot house. The paddles were churning; the Alton was moving, when a man in a light, checked suit, his overcoat over his arm, his face glowing with exertion, ran swiftly down the levee, up the wharfboat gangway, across the deck of the Grey Eagle, caught a stanchion and swung on board. Close behind came a colored man with a steamer-trunk, which was shoved across the widening gap into the outstretched hands of the Alton porters. The agile act was a reminder of old steamboat days. He who did it was the son of a once famous steamboat commander. And the little granddaughter of the old-time river argonaut stood half way down the levee watching. When she saw the feat accomplished, she clapped her hands and laughed joyously. Thus L. D. Dozier contributed to the gaiety of the getaway. And while the other fifty-three St. Louis delegates were welcoming and congratulating him, the Alton was backing into deep water.

Mid-channel the wheels stopped. While the Alton poised, the moving picture presented itself. Down the river the Oleander was disappearing in the smoke of her chimneys and the spray of her lively sternwheels. The St. Paul, squatting low in the water, paddling with the aggravating deliberation of a dowager goose, gave the first promise of what was to be continuous delay. The Quincy, too, took her distance and moved along. Impatiently, the Erastus Wells turned into line and pressed hard after. And then, looking down river and up river, to one shore and to the other, the voyaging business men on the decks of the Alton saw the sight of a lifetime. Beyond the skyline of the city's tall buildings, the Indian summer sun was just setting. Over Cahokia beamed a full Indian summer moon.

Southward was moving with majestic precision the first division of the fleet. Above, boats were backing, swinging and taking position. It was a forest of smokestacks with clouds of smoke over all.

Levee tradition tells that on another October day, just sixty years ago, the crowds saw thirty-seven steamboats back out from St. Louis and start for the Missouri River. But that was the rush of the forty-niners for gold in California. That was going some, and as-you-please. Here was precision; every boat in its place and at its distance; bands playing, to be sure, but no tooting of whistles, save the signals from the Oleander, repeated backward up the line to the last one in the fleet. Moreover, here was schedule such as river travel has rarely known. At the first revolution of the Alton's paddles, Chairman Charles P. Senter drew out his watch and showed it to George W. Parker.

"On time to the minute," commented Colonel Parker.

And so it was—a departure which called for no explanation or apology on account of delay. Along the rail of the Eads bridge clustered great bunches of humanity. The city's hives had swarmed with the close of business. Up from the levee throngs swelled the cheers. On the decks of the Alton, banker and merchant, manufacturer and real estate man, railroad capitalist and lawyer, men of pursuits almost as varied as their number, drew inspiration from the scene. In that hour they were welded by a common interest. In the nights and days to come they thought, said and did what prompt these printed pages.

The Alton was the St. Louis Business Men's League boat. It carried no guests. Its cabin list included no official of nation, State or city. Here were business men, nearly three scores of them, who had left in suspense their everyday duties, who had put on "high hats and tail coats," as the poet laureate, Nicholls, phrased it; who were giving their time and paying their expenses in the interest of the deep waterway.

In that first hour everybody didn't know everybody else. Here and there, the center of a group, was one who had been doing this sort of thing—*pro bono publico*—for a generation. But the rest of the group

was the fresh blood, the hope of St. Louis for the new generation, the men who had no doubt they would see in their business lives the deep waterway and all of the attendant blessings. It was an hour for easy introductions. The twilight was deepening. South St. Louis' population was represented by indistinguishable masses wherever a street ran down to the water line. But the masses had throats, if not forms. One ringing cheer succeeded another in rapid succession as the fleet in column slipped along at a twelve miles schedule. The groups on the Alton re-echoed back the greetings from shore. In the exhilaration of such sights and sounds one business man after another made up to his neighbor. In the glare of the line of Greek fire along the front of the Anheuser-Busch brewery, they became St. Louisans all.

Altenheim, from the heights, waved a Chautauqua salute, seen dimly. All Carondelet was on the river bank. It was dark now, but the bonfires, hemmed by humanity, told that the Fourth City was awake with interest to its southern border. Diminutive cannon on the prows of the motor boats, at anchorage, barked their salutes. Not until they had seen the Barracks, with the great camp fires, did the groups on the Alton's decks heed the bugle call to supper. As he discerned the cordwood, stacked with the precision which the soldier afield learns, E. J. Spencer turned to Jay L. Torrey with the comment:

"Those boys know how to do it. That is the kind of fire to cook bacon, Colonel!"

And Torrey assented. One colonel had gone to the front in 1898 with a regiment of engineers from the very spot where the recruits of 1909 were blazing their regards to the President. The other, about the same time, had passed south at the head of the Rough Riders of Wyoming and half a dozen Northwestern States.

No one dallied at the table. There was too much going on along shore. The riverside Missourians were out to greet the flotilla. Every landing had its cheering crowd and its mighty bonfire. Kimmswick and Crystal City emphasized themselves luridly. The Alton passed under the shadow of the frowning cliff at Hercu-

laneum, where Macklot dropped the molten Missouri lead to make the buck and ball which Jackson poured into Pakenham's ranks at New Orleans. A little further on was Kennett's Castle, every room from foundation to turret illuminated, the country place of the President of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association.

"Boys," shouted Chairman Senter, "this is the home of Mr. Kavanaugh."

"Three cheers for Billy Kavanaugh," were given with the full lung-power of the Alton travelers.

Then Chairman Senter led the way into the cabin for "a brief business meeting."

With a few swift remarks, the chairman expressed the opinion that although the Alton had started without distinguished guests, it was quite within the power of the business men he saw before him to make this boat the real thing of the voyage. Thereupon, committees were quickly appointed: one on providing entertainment, the other on finding people to be entertained; it being understood that the end in view was always deep water to the Gulf. By way of a hunch as to the talent on board, the chairman introduced Thomas B. Arnold, a business man of St. Louis. Mr. Arnold explained that in his youth he had been a hotel clerk, at \$5.00 a week, in a small town. A strolling magician, who had found his engagement in the town unprofitable, and who desired to leave without unpleasant memory, proposed to teach the clerk a few tricks with cards in return for a receipted hotel bill of \$2.00. Arnold accepted, was shown how to handle the cards, and for some months devoted all of his spare time to practice. He not only became proficient in the shuffling, but he cultivated familiarity with the pack from every point of view. He stood before a mirror and practiced the arts which confuse the onlooker. Then he went forth to entertain his young friends. He enlarged his repertoire until one day he had opportunity to show Hermann what he could do, and the professional sent him away, saying there was nothing he could teach the young man about the fifty-two painted pasteboards. With this explanation, Mr. Arnold rolled up his sleeves, called for two decks of fresh cards from the steward's office,

opened them and began to astonish. With one hand he shuffled, cut and held up the cards. There was the four spot. Arnold passed his other hand swiftly over the face of the card, and lo! it was the three spot. Another pass and it was the deuce, and still another and it was the ace. Three men drew cards, looked at them and laid them face downward on the table, being careful not to show them to Arnold, who picked up a piece of paper and wrote something hastily.

"Now," said Mr. Arnold to one of the three, "tell me which of these cards I shall pick up, the one on the left, the one on the right or the one in the middle."

"The one on the left," said Mr. E. L. Adreon, promptly.

Picking up the card indicated, Mr. Arnold held it face downward and turned to Mr. A. O. Rule, saying, "Please read what is written on this paper," at the same time holding out the slip he had scribbled.

Mr. Rule read, "Mr. Adreon will pick the card on the left, and it will be the four of diamonds."

Mr. Arnold exhibited the card he had picked up at Mr. Adreon's request, and it was the four of diamonds. Thus he went on mystifying until somebody shouted, "Oh, you! Charles E. Crane." And Charles E. Crane blushed as he admitted he had almost made an engagement at an earlier hour with Arnold to play bridge, being wholly ignorant of what was awaiting him.

Committees sat down to the tables to plan their programs. The first conclusion was to obtain for a guest, at some time during the trip, President Taft. With the decision characteristic of the business man, this letter was written and signed by Charles P. Senter, Richard C. Kerens, George L. Edwards, George W. Parker and E. F. Goltra:

"Dear Sir—At a meeting of the St. Louis Business Men's League delegation on board the Alton, Monday evening, the undersigned committee were selected and instructed to cordially invite you to take at least one meal with our party on board the Alton, any day that you are free to come, or to join our party for a visit at any time during the voyage that you can honor us with a visit. We have on board with us, who is one of us,

the celebrated magician of the Mississippi Valley, who will be pleased to give you an exhibition in the art of legerdemain."

The straightforward, business-like invitation, written on a letter-head of the Alton, accomplished its purpose, but that is another chapter.

While the committee worked out the plans which were to make the Alton the center of interest long before the fleet reached the lower bends, those of the delegates not thus engaged clustered forward and watched the beacon fires and listened to the shouts which told first from one shore and then from the other that Illinois and Missouri were awake to the significance of this river demonstration.

At St. Louis a Congressman from an agricultural district had reasoned: "It may be well to convey the President and his Cabinet officers, the 22 Governors and the 117 Senators and Representatives down the river in this imposing and costly fashion, but doesn't the Business Men's League realize that without the masses of the Mississippi Valley in favor of this waterway movement, Congressmen will be slow to act? Couldn't you have spent all of this money to better effect in educating public sentiment upon the subject?"

The business men giving time, money and thought to the waterway project, began the study of the influence of this voyage not only upon their official guests but upon the public, and the first night out was the first lesson. Into the early hours of Tuesday the welcome of the fleet continued. Ste. Genevieve knew no bedtime. At Chester the city boomed and blazed. Even from the penitentiary windows light streamed. There was no hour so long before dawn that saluting firearms and cheers from ashore did not tell that the people were watching. There are various ways of educating public sentiment. Whether they could have done more to arouse the whole Valley in some other way than by this expedition, the business men of St. Louis ceased to question long before the voyage ended.

Tuesday

THE sun rising out of Egypt—Illinois—found the Alton at the foot of the steep levee of Cape Girardeau. Above were boats. Below were boats. But that unprecedented array of steamboats was not the most impressive feature of the sunrise hour. The old River-view Hotel looked down upon such masses of people as the water front of "The Cape" had never known before. Whence had they come at that early hour? Thirty years ago Louis Houck began building railroads out of Cape Girardeau into "the swamp district" of Missouri. It was said the field was so discouraging that when Mr. Houck had laid five miles of track he pulled up all behind and laid it in front to make progress. The drainage diggers trailed Houck into this neglected corner. Population followed. To-day "the swamp district" is the location of a great agricultural uplift. During the luncheon in the Planters, at St. Louis, Monday afternoon, Governor Hadley put his arm around President Taft, asked him to leave the boat at Cape Girardeau and journey by rail down through the reclaimed region, thirty miles, resuming his water trip below. The President thought the change could not be made. It was a pity. In two or three hours the President would have seen the great object-lesson in practical conservation which the Mississippi Valley offers today—a lesson which would have recurred to the President's mind again and again as he viewed the wide waste of the vagrant Father of Waters through the alluvial Valley.

Spencer, and Torrey, and Edwards, and Fischer, were some of the early risers on the Alton, who were out in time to accompany the President through the streets and to measure the multitudes from the back townships brought in by the railroads and added to "The Cape's" normal census. They came back to the boat with stories told them by Harrison and Regenhardt, the

Cape Girardeau delegates to the Waterway Convention. "Fertile as the Nile," is truthful description of the lands along the canal. When a field of twelve acres yields 1,100 bushels of corn, as was the case by actual measurement not far from Cape Girardeau this year, why should a farmer grow corn on his feet tramping over a quarter section?

There was a warmth of enthusiasm for the deep waterway in the welcome which Southeast Missouri gave the fleet. The flags which fluttered everywhere in Cape Girardeau bespoke it. The Southeast Missourian is no longer sallow of color, lantern of jaw. He is still long-legged to remind him that his great-grandfather came from Tennessee. But there is light in his eyes and elasticity in his steps. He is for river regulation which shall conserve the productive capacity of the Valley as has been done thirty miles back of Cape Girardeau.

A cornfield slipping into the river was what the travelers saw as they came out from breakfast on the Alton. A wall of the richest soil in the world, twenty feet high, faced the river. On the surface the corn rows extended to the upper edge. At the bottom of the wall the water swirled and undermined. As the Alton passed, the chunks of land fell away and were swallowed with successive splashes. On the opposite side of the changing channel the sand bars stretched in square miles. The course of the river was a series of long, sweeping curves, now to the westward and then to the eastward. But the channel, the depth necessary for navigation, did not coincide with the curves of the banks. It zigzagged across the mile of water, first one way and then another. The surface of the river was one series of curves. The bottom followed another series with sharper lines. The Alton headed to and fro across the river, almost at right angles, now toward a caving bank of one State and then toward a sand bar of the other State. Here is a section of the river which means much labor to obtain the permanent channel of requisite depth.

Midway between Cape Girardeau and Cairo the whistle sounded the signal to float. The fleet was in a great bend. Forward the Oleander, the St. Paul, the

Quincy and the Wells were in full view at varying angles from the Alton's decks. Behind came the Grey Eagle, the Cape Girardeau, the Illinois, the Hill, the Saltillo and the rest, on a two-mile horseshoe curve. From the President's Oleander straight across a sharp-pointed sand bar to the last boat in the column was a scant half mile.

Tragedies have been thick along this stretch of river. In one of the bends above Cairo are the watery graves of one hundred and three steamboats. That all happened years ago, before the Government at Washington began to work in earnest for the protection of navigation on inland waters. There were statesmen in those days who held to the construction that river improvement was not a proper function of the general government under the Constitution. And some of them lived within sight of the Mississippi.

There have been tragedies ashore as well as afloat. The business men on the Alton were told the story of E. W. Thompson. Not far above Cairo, on the Missouri side, Mr. Thompson had a large tract of this wonderfully fertile land. The time was before the government policy permitted co-operation with the land owner to hold the river within bounds. The engineers drew snags and protected the water line in a limited way to maintain a channel. They did not look beyond the banks. In the vigor of his early manhood, Thompson entered upon the improvement of his Missouri land. He borrowed \$30,000 or \$40,000 from an Eastern insurance company, built his own levee and began to work the soil. Just when he was beginning to realize the fruits of his labor and enterprise, the unrestrained river carried away sections of his levee and swept over his fields. While the danger was impending Thompson fought the flood as other men fight desperately against fire, and lost. After a year or two, he came out of the ruin, negotiated another loan and went to work again on the Missouri tract. This time he raised his levee far back from the river front, so far back that it seemed there could be no danger from encroachment. But the river ate the way into the Missouri shore until it reached the new levee. Thompson had made three or four crops, and had begun to realize on his ten years' labor, when

he saw the barrier go down and the flood sweep over his fields. At the end of his credit, broken in spirit, he gave up the struggle and died. There are the memories of Thompsons in all these lowlands of Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, dating back to the days before the Government saw that river regulation might include the levees as well as the snag pulling, the lighting, the dredges and the channel-scouring. It has been a slowly progressive policy through several generations. But as the business men on the Alton studied the evolution of Mississippi River improvement, they grew in hopefulness for the next forward step—the complete instead of the piecemeal improvement, the continuous and permanent deep channel.

Between Cape Girardeau and Cairo began the daylight evidence of what the people away from the cities think of the deep waterway movement. In family groups, by scores and by hundreds, the farmers had gathered at the bank. Sometimes the top buggies and spring wagons, parked behind the crowd, told that an inland town had sent its delegation to the riverside. There was waving of flags and handkerchiefs and aprons as boat after boat came opposite these groups.

Cairo's elevators and office buildings showed above the great system of levees. Down the gangplank of the Alton, in the glory of their silk hats and Prince Alberts, went the business men's reception committee for the day—Senter, Spencer, Edwards and Goltra. When they came back they brought the Governor of Kansas, and the President of the Commercial Club of Cairo. More than that, Colonel Spencer had borrowed from the Mississippi River Commission boat, the Mississippi, a set of the engineers' maps showing in detail the meanderings of the channel, the old curves, the later cut-offs, the new bends, the places where regulation had been attempted and had succeeded. Thereafter the Business Men's League, on the Alton, studied the great problem with all of the aid which history and experience could contribute. While the President, Governor Dineen and Senator Lorimer talked from a wharfboat in the amphitheater extending upward to the top of the levee, the St. Louisans learned from President Smith, of the Commercial Club, something

of river control as Cairo has acquired it. A flood at Cairo may mean a rise of more than fifty feet. Therefore, Cairo has surrounded the site with great banks of earth fifty-five feet higher than low water. Without a dollar from National or State Government, Cairo has spent over \$2,000,000 on these dykes. Just before the Alton rounded the long point to go up to the Ohio River front of the city, the St. Louisans observed a curious agitation of the water of the Mississippi not far from the Illinois bank. Tied to the bank was a boat. Beyond the boat a pipe led toward the city. Cairo is pumping soil out of the bottom of the Mississippi and forcing it a mile away into the heart of the city, at the rate of one and one-half cubic yards a minute, to raise the grades. Cairo is building a site as well as a city, in supreme confidence that the Mississippi is to become what President Roosevelt said it should be, "a loop of the sea."

A levee—as Colonel Smith made clear in his talk to the Business Men's League, on the Alton—is more than a ridge of dirt. It must have its core of clay or the more impervious soil. That core must be made as solid as possible by tamping. Water seeping through is as dangerous as water flowing over the top. Tree-growth on the levee must be prohibited by frequent cutting of sprouts. Roots open up the soil and make routes for water to trickle through. And, finally, eternal vigilance is the price of levee maintenance.

Cairo has reached safety from the flood stages through much tribulation. The two States fronting on this peninsula of Illinois—Missouri and Kentucky—reveal recent ravages. Bird's Point, where the Iron Mountain system, transferred by means of an incline, shows a ragged front of piles and the wreck of the railroad approach. Cars must go around by the Thebes bridge. On the Kentucky side, the sum of \$750,000 is what the river has cost the Illinois Central and the Mobile & Ohio railroads, by cutting off the old right-of-way and forcing removal and construction of new tracks farther inland. Flood-fighting has cost lives and treasure in and about Cairo, but it has bred in survivors an

indomitable spirit. Cairo reveals what a courageous community could do. The Missouri and the Kentucky shores show what the Government hasn't done.

The talk of Governor Stubbs, coming at the dinner table, on the Alton, after these object-lessons, was enlightening. George W. Parker, at the request of Chairman Senter, introduced the Governor with pertinent references to Kansas and the State's relationship to the deep waterway. The Governor told how he had gone into politics by chance, and had tried to apply business principles to a State Government "giving a good swift kick to everything that doesn't come up to the standard of what is right." And then the Governor, with the experience of years in railroad construction, told of his conclusion from what he had seen that absolute control of the river was simply a question of intelligent work. "I want to congratulate the people of St. Louis," the Kansas Governor said in conclusion, "on the broad scope of their vision in undertaking and carrying through this trip down the Mississippi."

The magician, Arnold, came forward with his two packs of cards. He allowed the Kansas Governor to draw from one pack repeatedly, and then picked from the other pack the card corresponding to the one which the Governor had concealed.

On behalf of the Entertainment Committee, Mr. Goltra announced that during the evening there would be given, on the Alton, a concert by the most talented company ever seen on the Mississippi River. The business men adjourned to the guards to view Columbus on the Kentucky side, where Confederate batteries on the hills, carrying at long range across the river, participated in the battle of Belmont on the Missouri lowlands. Here was once the transfer point where cars were ferried over from Missouri and hoisted by great cranes to receive trucks of different gauge before moving on the rails eastward. "Columbus Hoist"—this was in those years of more primitive railroading. All along the stretch of river from Cairo to Hickman were groups of people gathered to see the fleet. On one vantage point the school children were in line, every one waving an American flag. The Alton returned the greeting with cheers.

Tuesday Night



JUST as the sun was sinking Hickman came in view. The last rays, leveled directly against the high bluffs, glorified the scene. They revealed old Kentucky homes—the kind with columns in front supporting double galleries. The summits of the bluffs were crowned with these houses. In the center, upon a jutting point, was a turreted building. High above the roof an electric light glowed like a star in the eastern sky. The Alton found her place at the landing, but most of the St. Louisans remained on the decks and watched the transformation as daylight faded and moonlight flooded.

Under the steep bluffs, close to the water's edge, a well-decorated platform had been provided for the speaking. Massing densely on all sides were the people of Hickman and fifty miles around. Long rows of cotton bales, the first that the expedition had seen, told of a productive local territory which still depended much upon the river for transportation. In the twilight Governor Willson, Senator Bradley and Congressman Ollie James thundered Kentucky oratory which could be heard to the remotest edge of the crowd, up the sides of the bluffs and even out upon the river.

Not all of the Business Men's League delegation gave themselves up to the spell of the scene by moonlight on Hickman's water front. Half a dozen members came back from the speaking with assurances of guests, including Speaker Cannon and Governor Hadley, to accept entertainment on the Alton the next day.

Hickman left astern, the Alton's forward deck was cleared for the evolutions of the most awkward squad a West Pointer ever looked upon. George C. R. Wagoner, self-appointed adjutant, formed the line with the six feet of R. D. Smith, of the McKinley System, at the head of it and Albert von Hoffman's five feet at the foot. In the first four with Smith were the massive C. W. S. Cobb, C. V. Anderson and Hobart Brinsmade.

Another quartet of lighter weights was formed by W. J. Fischer, J. B. Parkell, J. Arthur Anderson and E. L. Adreon. Next came Thomas Dunn, R. C. Kerens, A. O. Rule and James P. Blake. Adjutant Wagoner only stopped recruiting when there was nobody left to impress. He presented the command to Col. Spencer, who proceeded to the head and squinted down the line. "The worst I ever saw," commented the Colonel, as he began the drilling. For half an hour the company marched and counter-marched and back-stepped and side-stepped all over the deck of the Alton.

When the orchestra struck up "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" the soldiers fell back to draw breath. William A. Gardner drifted dreamily into the center, and, with a long-tailed coat for costume, began a wonderful skirt dance. Fired by the example, H. W. Lohmann airily lifted his coat tails and spun out upon the stage beside Mr. Gardner. The efforts of the rivals were applauded vigorously. The respective merits of the two dancers were discussed with animation. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion that while Mr. Gardner's movements were the most graceful, Mr. Lohmann displayed more original art. Mr. Dozier remarked to Mr. Cheney that he had not seen such dancing since he visited Pine Bluff in his early manhood, many years ago. A bugle call summoned the Leaguers to the cabin.

That night on the Alton was signalized by the first concert ever given on the Mississippi River in aid of the seaman's homes of New York and Liverpool. "After this voyage," announced Mr. Goltra, "St. Louis will be known as a seaport. I have just received word from our captain that at this point we have passed all dangers from shipwreck. It is customary to give on shipboard, in celebration of a successful passage, a concert in aid of the seaman's homes of New York and Liverpool. I will entertain a motion that we assess ourselves five dollars per capita, the money to be divided equally between the seaman's homes of the two cities, and before the motion is put I wish to say that we have secured for this first sea-going concert on the Alton some of the most celebrated artists in the Mississippi Valley. You will realize it when you see them."

The motion was carried with an enthusiastic chorus of "ayes." Then Director Goltra mustered the talent in a semi-circle, with Will K. Stanard and John W. Kearney on the ends.

The first thing on the programme was the "Angel's Serenade," by J. B. Parkell. The Alton's piano had been wheeled into the cabin. Mr. Parkell took his seat and played so well that there was great applause, with cries of "Encore!"

Encouraged by the cordial reception, Director Goltra announced "a trio by Nicholls, Stanard and yours truly—'Old Black Joe.'"

"They can't sing worth a cent, but everything goes," commented Cecil D. Gregg from the front row in the audience as he started the applause.

"We will now have one of the silver-tongued orators of the Mississippi Valley—Mr. John W. Kearney," said Mr. Goltra. "Mr. Kearney will explain what Chairman Senter meant when he spoke of our position of honor in the fleet."

When Chairman Senter explained the arrangements for the voyage some days before the departure he had stated that the Business Men's League boat would have the position of honor after the President's boat, the Cabinet boat, the Governors' boat and the Congressmen's boat. Kearney likened that "position of honor" of the Business Men's League in the fleet to the experience of the Italian societies of St. Louis in the great Christopher Columbus celebration of 1892. The public-spirited Delacella originated the movement, but John I. Martin was made grand marshal. When the order of the procession was made up it appeared that the Irish organizations came first, followed by the German, the French, and so on down to the rear, where the Italian societies had been assigned. Full of his great grief, Delacella went down to one of the St. Louis newspaper offices and unburdened himself to the sympathetic Kearney. He told in detail and in dialect of the treatment accorded the Italians, and with tears in his voice concluded:

"And now, I lika you tell me how you going to discover America with an Irish Christoforo Colombo."

The audience on the Alton thought they saw the joke on Chairman Senter and cheered. Mr. Lohmann walked forward, and with a profound bow, handed Mr. Kearney a cabbage. Forty-eight hours later, Kearney's story was spoiled. The Alton was in the position of honor next to the President's boat and remained there all of the way to New Orleans. The laugh was with Chairman Senter.

"I now have the honor to announce," began Director Goltra, "one of the most celebrated pianists afloat on the Mississippi River—Monsieur Paderewski Cole. He will play 'Forsaken.'"

As he moved toward the piano Mr. Cole said, *sotto voce*: "Don't call for an encore. I only know one piece." But he finished so well that the audience refused to let him stop. Mr. Cole struck boldly into the national anthem and everybody stood up.

"Japan as she is, will be rendered by Mr. George L. Hassett," said the announcer. Mr. Hassett's song proved so catchy that everybody joined in the chorus. It ran like this:

Oh, the day that I struck Japan,
The place they tell you is Ichiban,
I'll never forget it as long as I live,
And the people that sent me I'll never forgive;
The sights that I saw as I looked about,
Knocks all your ideas all inside out;
Japan is an Eden, I thought without doubt,
But I'll never think that any more.

Chorus.

The 'rickshaw, the geisha,
The hump-backed woman with jet-black teeth
The push man, the sampan,
You'll never find Paradise here.

First I wanted a place to eat,
I got in a 'rickshaw and took a seat;
No Japanese could I speak, of course,
So couldn't converse with my two-legged horse;
I gave a sign for to go ahead,
And nearly went over on my back instead;
After that ride to my friends I said,
I'll never take this any more.

Chorus.

I'd been in Japan just about one week,
When along came an earthquake that made things creep;
It stopped my watch, turned over some chairs,
It moved a piano up three flights of stairs;
It shook in the roof of the house next door,
Hung all my pictures right up on the floor;
Pushed on the ground till my feet were sore,
I never will want any more.

When Mr. Hassett finished, Mr. Arnold presented to him a bunch of celery.

"Mr. Hassett," said Mr. Goltra, "will now speak a piece."

The selection narrated the adventures of a modern descent to Inferno.

"A duo by Mr. Stanard and yours truly," as Mr. Goltra said, was the next number..

"Mr. Eisenmayer, the Trenton banker, acquitted himself so well on the piano that the audience almost forgot to applaud.

"What Is Your Hurry," was "sung most beautifully," the director said, by Senator Brunk. At its conclusion Mr. Goltra proudly declared: "No doubt we have artists in our *dramatis personæ*. And now 'Hosiery' will be rendered by that sweet singer, Mr. Stanard."

Mr. Nicholls gave "Johnny Schmoker" in character, returning to the footlights in this rôle after an unbroken absence of thirty-three years. He did the pantomime features in such a realistic manner that Mr. Weston arose in the audience and essayed an imitation.

The director was "very sorry to announce that Honorable Jep. Howe was stolen from us this afternoon. Mr. Howe was to have given a Tyrolese yodel. In his absence yours truly will try to complete the programme."

While Mr. Goltra, with head thrown back and eyes raised to the ceiling, yodeled, Mr. Gregg informed the audience that the performance was so awfully bad that it was really good.

The chairman of the entertainment committee, George L. Edwards, speaking for himself and Colonel E. J. Spencer, but ignoring the remaining member, Mr. Goltra,

assured his hearers that if the evening's experience could be overlooked, the committee would not offend with another concert during the voyage.

From vaudeville the Business Men's League passed to another form of entertainment. Colonel Spencer, with a happy tribute to services rendered in the Spanish-American war, introduced Colonel Jay L. Torrey, the organizer and commander of Torrey's Rough Riders. Colonel Torrey told of his early life in St. Louis, where he carried newspapers to earn his living while he was studying law. He mentioned his fourteen years of effort to put upon the national statute books a bankruptcy law. Just as he was finishing that work in Washington, the conditions in Cuba were impressed upon him—the block houses, the trochas, the tactics of the Spaniards in their campaigns to suppress the insurrection. He thought he saw that in the event of war there might be recruited on the ranges a force peculiarly adapted for such marching and fighting as service in Cuba would require. His ideas met with instantaneous approval by General Miles. The bill providing for Rough Rider regiments was drafted and passed. With authority to recruit a regiment, Colonel Torrey returned to his ranch in Wyoming and from the ranges of that State and four neighboring States, he brought together 1,100 men “to ride with Torrey.” When he had drilled and molded the material into shape he had a command which was the marvel of old regular army officers.

In graphic recital Colonel Torrey gave incident after incident of his actual observation to show the true character of the life developed on the ranges. He pictured the self-reliance and the sturdy loyalty encouraged by that free life. He gave to the latter-day American ranger attributes far different from those exploited in most cowboy literature. The story was fascinating. It held the audience to the finish.

Then everybody went out on deck to cheer New Madrid, the ancient Missouri city which has fought the encroaching river more than a century, falling back four miles from the original site, and still fighting. With bonfires, and music and enthusiasm unrestrained, the whole population of New Madrid welcomed the prospect of governmental control of the Mississippi.

Wednesday

THE business men on the Alton were out early, but the cotton pickers were already in the Arkansas fields. Time had been lost, about three hours, on "a bad piece of river," with fog complications. The morning hours carried the expedition past Northeast Arkansas, where so much is possible through protection against Mississippi River floods, together with intelligent reclamation by drainage. On the Alton the business men took to the hurricane deck and to the texas, that they might look as far inland as the vision would carry and discuss the probable productiveness of this section when it is put under cultivation. "Sunk Lands," the overflowed wastes of Southeast Missouri and Northeast Arkansas have been called ever since the New Madrid earthquake, the centennial of which will come around in a short time. There are no "sunk lands" according to some excellent authorities. All about New Madrid before the earthquake were grants and claims extending far out into the interior. The drifting immigration down the Ohio before the Louisiana Purchase saw better prospects in the vicinity of New Madrid than around St. Louis, higher up the Mississippi. The earthquake came, opened seams in the alluvial, threw down gigantic trees, choked with fallen timber the sluggish streams. With natural drainage checked, the water spread over great sections. Owners said their lands had "sunk." They appealed to the Government and were allowed by law to relocate their grants and claims elsewhere. "New Madrid claims" became the cloak for the land deals of a generation, the basis for litigation through three generations. But there are no "sunk lands." The description is a misnomer. An authority none other than John B. Henderson, once a United States Senator from Missouri, was quoted on the Alton for this correction of land history. And the engineers are finding the topographical evidence that General Henderson was right, for they

report that the drainage and reclamation of these hundreds of thousands of amazingly fertile acres is entirely practicable; that the cost will not be prohibitory. Capital has entered the field. With the deepening of the Mississippi River channel and the protection of the banks will go on simultaneously the addition of a vast section to the productive area of the Valley.

While the groups on the Alton talked of such possibilities the sky-scrapers of Memphis broke the southern horizon. Then came well-filled motor boats, a fleet of them, rushing through the water, circling about the big steamboats with cheers and waving of flags. On the wide, stone-paved levee of Memphis, with its beautiful park-setting for the Government building, were massed behind files of soldiers and police 50,000 people. Stars and stripes everywhere were flying and one immense flag canopied the whole street leading up to the business center.

As Chairman Senter was leading the Business Men's League delegation down the gangplank at Memphis, an officer in the uniform of the United States Navy met him and said:

"I have the honor to inform you that the President will lunch on the Alton when we leave."

The delegation received with enthusiasm the information. A committee on table decoration, with T. B. Arnold as chairman, was hastily appointed. But before Mr. Arnold returned to the boat with an armful of American Beauties, Chairman Senter had been notified of a change in the programme. The President did not come on board, but Mr. Arnold's perspiration and the fragrance of the roses were not wasted. When the Business Men's League and the other delegates sat down to the tables the American Beauties nodded above Speaker Cannon's typical American features. Scattered at the table, which extended the entire length of the Alton's cabin, were seven Governors, Congressman Rodenberg of the East St. Louis district, and many other guests. With talking and singing the afternoon slipped away until it was necessary to request the clearing of the cabin that the table might be prepared for supper. In the three hours' symposium, the serious

purpose was never lost sight of. The Speaker and the Governor and the other talkers came back again and again to the deep waterway.

Mr. Cannon left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to where he stood. He not only showed himself friendly, but he blazed the way to the actual accomplishment. He traced the steps, the things which must be done to reach results. His discussion took on the most practical and thereby the most encouraging form.

First, the Speaker said, the effect upon the lakes must receive attention. There was a diplomatic question. "If the lakes are to be lowered five inches or ten inches, we have got to modify our treaty with Great Britain."

Then must be determined, the Speaker pointed out, a policy as to damage to private property-owners from overflow and other changes incident to the construction of the waterway. "Here in Illinois we have these questions. In Missouri you have them. They must be met. The proposition is to canalize the Illinois River to the Mississippi."

Still another question is already foreshadowed and must be met, the Speaker said. That is the right to the water power which may be created. If certain eminent scientists have their way the United States Government may dispute the title of the State of Illinois to the power generated by locks and dams which Illinois builds.

It is possible, Speaker Cannon said, to have fourteen feet or twenty-four feet or thirty-two feet from St. Louis to the Gulf. The engineering problem, the diplomatic question, the right to the water power, should be taken up and settled. It having been determined what the depth is to be, we are ready to go to work.

"The popular cry is for bonds," continued the Speaker. "If we haven't money enough when we have settled these preliminary questions and have determined on the plans, of course we will issue certificates or bonds."

The Speaker declared himself "perfectly willing to start now. But," he added, "let us start along sensible lines and get our money's worth. You want sentiment married to common sense. I think you'll get it."

Mr. Cannon took a line of thought that appealed strongly to business minds. He spoke of the close inter-relationship of all parts of the country, of the wonderful

development of the Mississippi Valley. He was led up to this as he pictured what a great garden spot the Valley will be, far beyond present conditions, with river controlled. "You can't scratch your backs in St. Louis but what Illinois speaks on this subject," he said to illustrate how strong is the sentiment. He asked if his hearers realized that in proportion to population Iowa was the richest State in the Union; that New York and Illinois were near seconds; that Indiana, Ohio and Missouri came trooping along close behind in this accumulated prosperity.

Without saying so, the Speaker was combating the mistaken impression that the East is being built up at the expense of the West. New England, he pointed out, has multiplied her manufactured products manifold since 1864. Then the aggregate of those products was twenty-four parts in the country's entire one hundred. And then west of the Alleghanies the manufactured products were only eighteen parts of the one hundred. Now they are thirty-two parts of the one hundred. The manufactured products of New York and Pennsylvania are now thirty-seven instead of forty-two parts.

Mr. Cannon spoke of "the wicked Aldrich," who lies awake despoiling the West. Take the wealth of New England and compare it with that of the West. Instead of \$2,100 as in Iowa, or \$1,800 as in Illinois and New York, or between \$1,500 and \$1,600 as in Missouri, the wealth in New England is less than \$1,200 to the individual.

When ex-Congressman John Allen was given his opportunity by Mr. Kerens, who presided, he said that Speaker Cannon should have supplemented his statistics about New England with a story. Mr. Allen recalled that while he was serving on the Committee on Appropriations Mr. Cannon, then chairman, came in one morning and heard Mr. Grout, another member, talking about New England. Mr. Grout was trying to refute the possible impression of his colleagues that there was any better place to live than in New England. Thereupon Mr. Cannon told the story of the New Englander who was taken very sick. The minister called to see him.

"My friend," he asked, "do you know that you are almost at death's door?"

"Yes," said the sick man.

"Have you made any preparation for the next world?"

"No."

"Don't you fear you may find yourself in a bad fix?"

"Now, parson," said the sick man, arousing himself, "let me tell you I've been picking up rocks all my life trying to raise a family here in New England. If they've got any worse country to take me to, let them bring it on."

Mr. Allen explained that his presence on the Alton was due to the fact that he had missed at Memphis the boat on which he belonged. And the missing of the boat was due to the other fact that in company with some friends he had stopped a few minutes at the Peabody House to see how prohibition was working in Tennessee. But he was glad he had missed his boat and become a refugee on the Alton. And then, like all of the other speakers, Mr. Allen talked seriously and earnestly of the waterway movement.

"The people who have gotten up and carried through this expedition," he said, in conclusion, "have accomplished a great national good. Every man who makes this trip will become a much more loyal and patriotic American."

"I will do all I can to help along this movement," Governor F. B. Weeks, of Connecticut, said as he completed a clean-cut, highly interesting talk of twenty minutes, one of the best given before the business men on the Alton's trip. The Governor told of his reluctance to leave his State at this time because of pressing official duties. It took him a long time to make up his mind. But what was his gratification to meet upon his arrival in St. Louis one Connecticut-born man after another who not only made him welcome, but who surprised him with information as to the close business relations between his State and the city. "Judge of my surprise," continued the Governor, "when I learned that one concern in your city, the great Simmons Hardware Company, buys annually from the manufacturers in my State almost \$6,000,000 worth of stock." It seemed to

him, then, that his State had some interest in the deep waterway movement which concerned St. Louis so much.

Governor Weeks described his presence on the Alton as accidental. "I blew in here unexpectedly," he said. His boat had backed out at Memphis before he reached the levee. Considerably disturbed he had wandered up the gangplank of the Alton. The first man to whom he explained his predicament, the Governor said, grasped him by the hand and said: "I was born in Meriden." And the second man was another native of Connecticut, Hobart Brinsmade, executive commissioner for the State at the World's Fair, and brother of a member of the Connecticut Legislature, a personal friend of the Governor. As Governor Weeks went on with the narrative of his experience on the Alton he made it evident he felt that his boat was lost, not the chief executive of Connecticut, and he wound up with this enthusiastic declaration:

"Of all the good fellows I ever had anything to do with, I have met the best of them since I landed in St. Louis."

Governor Weeks settled into his chair amid a whirlwind of laughter and cheers.

Another New England Governor, B. M. Fernald, of Maine, told how strongly and favorably the voyage was interesting him. "What has impressed me more than all else," said the Governor of that part of the country where, he described it, the sun rises earlier than in any other State, "is the patriotism of all the people." He was still under the influence of that mighty demonstration by the Memphians. In three or four terse sentences Governor Fernald told why Maine can be counted on for the deep channel from Lakes to Gulf.

"When you help any part of this country you are helping the whole," he said. "When we can open up this great waterway we shall have accomplished something that will be of great advantage to the whole country. I bring you the best wishes and congratulations of 700,000 of the best men and women of the whole world."

As the Governor of Maine sat down C. W. S. Cobb led the Business Men's League in a storm of applause.

"We will now jump from Maine to Colorado," said Mr. Kerens by way of introducing Governor J. F. Shafroth, of Colorado.

"St. Louis was the first city I ever visited," Governor Shafroth began. "I was born in Missouri."

"Good," shouted the Business Men's League.

"And my wife was born in Missouri," continued Governor Shafroth.

"Better," shouted everybody.

Then the Governor told that in the convention which nominated him for Governor of Colorado, a Missourian was nominated for Senator; another Missourian for the Supreme bench; a third Missourian was put forward for something else, until finally a delegate arose and exclaimed:

"Good Lord, gentlemen, we've been here three days and haven't gotten out of Missouri."

Governor Shafroth told of the wonderful progress Colorado was making in agriculture and horticulture until in the Grand Valley there is "land which produces more than any other land in the world." Of course, Colorado, with such possibilities presenting themselves, had direct interest in the development of natural transportation facilities.

Governor B. B. Brooks, of Wyoming, had come on board the Alton under the escort of his friend, Colonel Jay L. Torrey. His personal ideas about the deep waterway movement he put before the Business Men's League very pointedly. "There are three things which make a nation great," the Governor quoted from an inscription he had seen on one of the exhibit buildings at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, "Fertile soil, busy workshops and easy transportation from place to place."

"This question of transportation is always before us and that is what we are to consider on this trip," the Governor continued. "If after investigation it shall appear that this deep waterway is practicable, Wyoming will cheerfully accept her share of the responsibility for providing the cost necessary to do the work."

From Wyoming Mr. Kerens changed the post-prandial setting to Florida and presented Governor A. W. Gilchrist, an apostle "in the great cause of conservation."

"I am not from Missouri," the Governor began, "but judging from the good-looking women I saw in St. Louis, being an old bachelor, I wouldn't mind being related to Missouri by marriage."

When the merriment had subsided, Governor Gilchrist talked straightout for the speedy application of conservation policies, including improvements of waterways and development of that species of transportation.

Governor Vessey, of South Dakota, described changed conditions in his State, which this year raised twice as much corn as wheat; which with only a little over 500,000 people will this year produce \$200,000,000; which in the past decade has made more new wealth per capita than any other State in the Union. And with this for his text the Governor of South Dakota proclaimed himself in favor of the most liberal policies which would develop irrigation, water power and water transportation.

After the series of stirring speeches by Speaker Cannon and the visiting Governors, and after some cryptic remarks by Jephtha D. Howe, the Business Men's League brought out the trump card on the Alton programme—Professor Arnold. The Speaker and the Governors, John Allen and the other guests were bunched in the front rows. The magician smiled blandly as he asked one Governor after another if he was familiar with the pictures on playing cards and received affirmative nods. The Governors drew and concealed the cards and Arnold told them what they held. They ordered up from the table any one of three cards lying face downward, and Arnold showed them from the other deck what the chosen card would be when exposed.

Then the sweet singers of the Business Men's League led with song after song, until the Hon. John Allen voiced with emphasis the sentiment of the guests:

"Gentlemen, this boat is truly the real thing."

Out on the forward deck the orchestra tuned up. Somebody began to sing:

"Oh, I had a little hen and she had a wooden leg,
And nearly every morning she used to lay an egg—
She's the best little chicken that we had on the farm,
And another little dance won't do us any harm."

Jeptha D. Howe glided out into the open and began to step to the music. Lohmann and Brunt followed. Governor Shafroth looked over at Governor Vessey and said:

"Come on!"

The two Governors went down the middle, hands clasped high above their heads and toes in the air. It was getting infectious. Fifty pairs of hands were clapping time.

Not to be outdone, the Governor from the land of steady habits and the Governor of Maine followed.

"Now, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Kerens, extending his hand. Not a second did the Speaker waver, but grasping his partner's hand he stepped into the center and started the minuet as it was known on the banks of the Wabash long ago.

Wednesday Night



HE searchlights were playing in all directions when the Alton rounded to the Helena levee, and slipped alongside the Erastus Wells. Before the line was out President James E. Smith, of the Business Men's League, with George W. Simmons, having charge of the guests on the St. Paul, appeared on the deck of the harbor boat and shouted:

"Are there some Governors on the Alton?"

"Yes," replied Chairman Senter, "half a dozen of them."

Mr. Simmons called his roll of the missing. All responded. President Smith looked immensely relieved. As the Governors filed down the stairway of the Alton, on their way back to the St. Paul, they lingered to express their thanks to the Business Men's League delegation for the afternoon entertainment, and the Alton people gave the Governors a good-by cheer. The orchestra broke out with "Turkey in the Straw." The deck of the Alton was covered with dancers. It was with evident difficulty that the Governors could restrain themselves from coming back.

They lost the Governors at Helena, but the Business Men's League delegates gained the Mayor of St. Louis. A protest went up from the deck of the Erastus Wells, as Mayor Kreismann was warmly welcomed on board the Alton, and the two boats drifted apart and backed out from the Helena. There was a practical purpose back of the Mayor's coming, as developed later.

The director of entertainment for Wednesday night was R. D. Smith, of the McKinley Interurban Railroad System. Mr. Smith now announced that a pedestrian match, for a valuable prize, would take place on the forward deck. He named as judges of the walk, Mayor Kreismann, Mr. Kerens, Mr. Brinsmade, Mr. Dozier and Mr. Arnold. The course was laid out. Mr. Smith declared the conditions. The entries were fifteen. Mr.

Dunn, Mr. Gregg, Mr. Gardner, J. Arthur Anderson, Mr. Crane, Senator Brunk, Mr. Pank, Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Stanard, Mr. Kearney and several others started bravely, but when the five laps were finished, the judges insisted that three of the contestants had tied for first place. The three were Messrs. Edwards, Goltra and Nicholls. They were sent off again by the judges. This time Mr. Edwards seemed to have the best of it, but Mr. Goltra and Mr. Nicholls protested that Mr. Edwards had not done a fair heel and toe walk. The judges were in doubt, but after argument disqualified Mr. Edwards, the decision inspiring some tart comments. Mr. Goltra and Mr. Nicholls refused to start again, preferring to let the tie stand. Thereupon the judges declared the prize forfeited, and all bets off.

"Gentlemen will please step back into the cabin and choose partners for the grand march," called Director Smith, tilting his silk hat to one side, taking Mayor Kreismann by the arm and leading the way through the curtains. It became suddenly apparent that the walking match had been a fake, a blind, a stall, a device of Mr. Smith to secure undisturbed possession of the cabin for a dressing room. As the Business Men's League filed into the cabin behind the Mayor and Mr. Smith, sixteen beautiful "ladies" curtsied and snickered. The mystery of the bundles hurriedly brought on board the Alton at Memphis was solved.

Colonel Spencer directed the grand march, Mayor Kreismann leading the first "lady." After the grand march followed a quadrille, then a two-step. Next came the cake-walk, which Director Smith made the great event of the evening. The cake-walk was duly "judged," and first, second and third prizes were awarded.

Director Smith had one more number on his programme, and that was a jig dance by a talented member of the steward's cabin force.

When Mr. Smith had announced the evening programme closed, and had received the congratulations of everybody, including the "ladies," upon his management, the Business Men's League went into committee of the whole, with Mayor Kreismann, upon plans for the next day. The Mayor offered a suggestion which was

adopted. That was to extend an invitation to the President and members of the Cabinet to meet the Erastus Wells official party as guests of the Business Men's League, on board the Alton. Inasmuch as the harbor boat had been put into the fleet to take care of some of the members of the President's party, notably the members of the Cabinet, this seemed to be a good card, and it so turned out.

Thursday



NE point the Alton missed in the getaway from Helena, in the confusion of playing searchlights, bumping boats, the glare of the Helena illumination and the efforts of the refugees to get back to their respective cabins. Commander Tillman passed the word along that on leaving Helena, the order was to be every captain for himself on the run to Vicksburg, save that none of the other boats was to pass the Oleander. By this liberty of movement, the commander hoped to make up a part of the three hours behind schedule, and to get the faster boats into Vicksburg before dark. The message did not reach the Alton. When the Business Men's League delegates came out on the deck Thursday morning they found the Alton lagging close behind the St. Paul. Down the river a long way could be discerned dimly columns of smoke. Up the river behind bends were more columns of smoke. The formation of the fleet was gone. Greenville was far away. There was more than all-day steaming ahead to reach Vicksburg. The channel was a succession of sharp curves and short reaches. Altogether, the situation was not encouraging. After breakfast, the Alton people ascended to the hurricane deck. Some of them whiled away the morning hours by exchange of greetings with the cotton pickers who assembled on the banks in groups. In several places there were large camps of these pickers. The monotony was relieved somewhat by the occasional plants of the River Commission, with the mattresses of willows in process of formation on large flatboats. At one point the travelers on the Alton saw the entire process of river regulation and land protection combined. Before the encroaching current the bank stands precipitous. As undermined it slides down in great wedges, and is swallowed by the river. Here the bank had been sloped back from the water at an easy angle. The mattresses were being placed below and above the water edge so

that the protection would be afforded at varying stages of water. Back of the slope rose a broad, well-sodded levee above high-water mark, like an earthen fortification in front of the spacious plantation mansion, the cotton gin, the warehouses and various outbuildings. The Business Men's League saw in this object-lesson the possibilities of river control and land development. Colonel E. J. Spencer, with engineering eyes, looked upon this piece of work, and in reply to a rapid fire of questions told the delegates they had before them an illustration of the best Mississippi River work now being done with the experience gained in years.

As the morning wore away the Business Men's League debated whether the Alton might not be permitted to push along and make up some of the lost time. But there was the St. Paul just ahead, and in charge of her was the President of the League, James E. Smith. Due regard for the proprieties restrained the members of the League from presenting this view to President Smith. They waited for the initiative to come from him. About ten o'clock, while the Alton and St. Paul were within easy speaking distance, Mr. Smith appeared on the deck of the latter and called to Chairman Senter:

"Go ahead as fast as you can to Greenville, hire an engine and coaches to carry us to Vicksburg by rail. There are seventy on this boat.

A rousing cheer went up. In ten minutes the Alton was leaving the St. Paul behind, and Chairman Senter had named as a committee to negotiate with the railroad people at Greenville for a special to Vicksburg. George W. Parker, R. C. Kerens and L. D. Dozier.

The committee on entertainment, having the prospect of communication with the Oleander before night, began to mature plans to make Friday "Taft Day on the Alton." They prepared for presentation this request:

"The President—Please come over to our boat, the Alton, and take a bite with us. We were advised that you were coming yesterday, and were keenly disappointed on learning that we were misinformed. Our good Mayor, of St. Louis, joins with us in this request. If you can lunch with us on Friday, you will make us very happy.

"THE BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE."

Bend after bend the Alton went around. Greenville was twenty miles away, fifteen miles away and ten miles away before the bugle was sounded for lunch on the Alton. As they went into the cabin, Colonel Spencer pointed off to the left, nearly at right-angles from the Alton's course, and said:

"Greenville lies right down there, not over two miles away. We will be at least an hour going the channel route of ten or fifteen miles."

"If the Captain will put me ashore," said Colonel Torrey, "I can get into Greenville ahead of the Alton, and do something toward getting the train."

"You would never make it," said Colonel Spencer. He took Colonel Torrey to the map and showed him that the short-cut would mean swimming the crooked Mississippi River twice.

Close behind the Quincy, the Alton swung into the landing at Greenville. The Erastus Wells went on down the river. Greenville people who were massed on the river front said the Oleander had passed without stopping about three-quarters of an hour earlier. The Torpedo flotilla had gone by in the morning. The committee on railroad transportation from the Alton joined President Kavanaugh, of the Waterway Association, from the Quincy. An automobile was obtained. In ten minutes the committee was in communication with the railroad officials. Within half an hour the special train was being made up. Chairman Senter brought back the news to the Alton. Then came a hurried walk down shaded streets, lined with the old Southern mansions, for Greenville has grown wealthy from the Sunflower and Deer Creek cotton fields.

At 1:15 p. m. the locomotive bell rang and the train was off, carrying the Governors, the Congressmen and the Business Men's League on a two-hours' run through the Mississippi delta, famous fifty years for its great cotton production, and the scene of periodical overflows, and relief expeditions until the Government and the States and the counties took hold of the levees, raised them and connected them and established protection. The celerity with which the train arrangements were made surprised some of the Northern visit-

ors. Greenville citizens in numbers gathered at the station. They confirmed what the brick-paved streets, the new bank buildings, the trolley cars, the automobiles, the imposing club house had indicated—that the planters of the Greenville territory were never more prosperous. They wanted to shake hands with Speaker Cannon. They said they were sorry they could not have shown President Taft what patriotic Americans they are. And when the train moved southward the Greenville citizens cheered lustily.

At thirty-five miles an hour the train sped down the delta. "Every rood a farm." Everywhere, on both sides of the track, stretched the cotton fields, dotted frequently with little houses of the negro tenants. From between the rows the cotton pickers, men, women and children, turned to look curiously at the train. Every few miles the cabins thickened into hamlet or village, with church and school. The black belt of Mississippi makes liberal use of paint and whitewash. There was no squalor, no grinding poverty in evidence.

At Wayside the railroad track ran beside one of the great levees of the delta—a broad, solid embankment higher than the roofs of the passenger coaches. The time was when steamboats traversed these fields and took the negroes by hundreds from the tops of the houses.

At Hampton was a manor house, reminder of the time when first families of the Carolinas had their marvelously productive estates in the Yazoo country. At Rolling Fork the station was in the midst of a well-kept park, and the court house was an imposing structure of cream-colored brick. But almost everywhere in the country the houses were raised on stilts, three or four feet from the ground—a kind of architecture based on lack of confidence in the control of the river. The ride from Greenville to Vicksburg prophesied to the Northerners the creation of many "garden spots" in the Mississippi Valley, when the river is under continuous control, with possibilities of vastly increased production.

Vicksburg was reached on the hour set for arrival by river if the schedule had been maintained. It was "Taft Day" in the Hill City with the President left out.

Automobiles and carryalls were drawn up at the station, for the Vicksburg committee had learned of the change of route and had acted accordingly. Until dark the visitors were taken over the miles of park drives which follow the battle lines of Grant and Pemberton. They saw where Grant's headquarters tent stood through the long weeks with the flag hanging on a rope stretched between two trees. They traced the course of the foot-path down one slope and up another leading from Grant's to Sherman's tent, past a spring in the hollow. They listened to the tradition told that Sherman argued and contended against Grant's plans for the reduction of Vicksburg; that Grant tenaciously continued his course and that Sherman, skeptical as to the outcome, faithfully did his best to carry out the orders. They stopped at the crater in front of Logan's headquarters and saw where those impregnable works were undermined and blown up and still held by the Confederates against the desperate assaults of the Illinois brigades. They saw the place where Missourians fought Missourians. They were still under the spell of these historic memories when daylight faded and the moon's radiance was spread over the granite and marble and bronze monuments, dotting every summit and slope of the twenty miles of battlefield.

Thursday Night

DOWN the roadways to Vicksburg the autos and carriages and carryalls rumbled and rattled; under the glowing electric arches and into the business center, with everywhere the stars and stripes, and with throngs of people filling the streets waiting to cheer their President. The delegation from the Alton found a storeroom in which the ladies of a Methodist church were serving dinner to the holiday crowd. Chairman Senter led the way in and took all of the vacant seats. When Mr. Senter and those who had accompanied him had been waited upon, they gave way to another section of the Business Men's League, headed by George L. Edwards and J. A. Lewis. As his party passed out Mr. Senter announced that for the St. Louisans a special price had been made at twice what the Methodist ladies had been charging. The Senter party paid a dollar apiece and departed with ostentatious directions to the ladies to see that the other St. Louisans paid the new price.

When his party had finished, Mr. Edwards handed the cashier a yellow-backed bill with the remark that at the suggestion of Mr. Lewis the price of the Methodist dinner to St. Louisans had been again advanced to two dollars a plate. R. D. Smith led in the next section of hungry St. Louisans. As he gave way to the Smith party, Mr. Edwards informed them that the price from and after that hour would be five dollars per plate for all St. Louisans. Before the limit could be raised again for the benefit of the Methodist church of Vicksburg, the vibrant whistle of the Alton sounded in the Yazoo canal, which now affords the city its connection with the Mississippi.

Will those who sought the gangplank of the Alton far down the water front of Vicksburg that night ever forget the winding pathways through the weeds, the steep gullies cut by the sewer outlets, the yielding sands which let their shoes sink almost to the tops? After

the decks of the Alton were gained what a sight was that on the narrow canal with a dozen steamboats backing and twisting to get out to the main river, with the Oleander pocketed and the naval commander on the bridge shouting strange words through the megaphone which the pilots of all of the other steamboats pretended not to understand! And as they gained the main river one after another what jockeying there was to get the best of it as soon as the Oleander should show the way and make the pace! It was a great night. Cheney and Edwards and Spencer and Kerens and Senter and Clarence Howard and J. A. Lewis and J. H. Dieckman and Albert von Hoffman and a dozen others sat up watching the race which was still on at two o'clock in the morning. Every pilot had learned that his place in the column was whatever he could get and maintain so long as the Oleander was not passed.

Friday



EARLY in the morning preparations began for a great day on the Alton. The second invitation to the President had been delivered the night before at Vicksburg.

Mayor Kreismann had returned to the Erastus Wells to inform his party that they were expected on the Alton to lunch. A committee comprised of H. W. Lohmann, J. Arthur Anderson, J. B. Parkell and R. D. Smith was named to go ashore at Natchez and escort a quartet of Governors to the Alton. Another committee on table decorations was headed by the indefatigable Arnold. Colonel Jay L. Torrey was delegated to secure the attendance of a couple of United States Senators.

The expedition was now on the last quarter. It was in the finished river following a channel which gave "no bottom" to the sounding lead; a real "loop of the sea," where battleships might plow without danger. The region of the sharp curves had been passed. Here the river ran straight for long stretches and then meandered gently in its course.

Commander Tillman's midnight go-as-you-please license at Vicksburg had worked far better than he had expected. Some time had been made up. But better than that, each boat had found the place to which its speed entitled it. The all-night contest for second place had been between the Alton and the Erastus Wells. Half a dozen times the St. Louis harbor boat pushed up until her prow lapped the Alton's side wheel, but only to be shaken off to fall back.

A few miles above Natchez the Oleander lessened the pace. One after another the laggards came up. As the flotilla turned the last bend and Natchez was in sight, the column was complete. And so it came into the harbor, every boat in view, the most majestic river spectacle ever seen from those frowning bluffs of Natchez.

The President, when he came on board of the Alton later, described the Natchez reception as the most unique

he had experienced in his long journey. Adjoining the President's stand on the bluff were many minor stands, corresponding to the several States, and in charge of each of these stands was a committee of ladies, in not a few cases being natives or descendants of natives of the States they represented. Governors and Senators and Representatives found their way to stands or booths of their States, and were received by the ladies. David R. Francis, L. D. Dozier, Amadee B. Cole, A. H. Handlan, Hobart Brinsmade, Clarence H. Howard, John E. McKinney, W. K. Stanard, Thomas Dunn and a dozen others came back to the Alton full of praise for the Natchez way of doing things. Not only had Natchez planned well, but the ladies had carried out the idea with gracious tact, charming their visitors.

No two of these Mississippi River cities were alike in their programmes to welcome and entertain the deep-waterway expedition, but in every one of them there was a perfection of detail, a spirit of cordiality, an exhibition of loyal enthusiasm which were commented upon often and admiringly between the stops.

The committee on invitations to Governors did its work well. Very dignified the members looked, in their silk hats and Prince Alberts, stationed on the levee at Natchez to intercept the chosen guests returning from the reception and to escort them on board the Alton. They brought Governor H. B. Quinby of New Hampshire, Governor R. E. Sloan of Arizona, Governor G. H. Prouty of Vermont, Governor A. C. Shallenberger of Nebraska.

As the warning bells tapped, the guests came in numbers, until George L. Edwards, chairman of the seating committee, realized that the cabin of the Alton would be taxed to its capacity. The committee on decorations had found Natchez equal to the demand. The members came on board bringing great bunches of yellow and white chrysanthemums and American Beauties. When Mr. Edwards had completed his arrangements, the cabin was fit for a presidential luncheon. At the head of the cabin was the President's table, with seats for Mr. Kerens, the Secretary of War, David R. Francis, Governor Hadley, Mr. Senter, Mayor Kreismann and Mr. George W. Parker.

Second Table—The Postmaster-General, Auditor W. R. Hodges and Messrs. Howard, Dieckman, Fritsch, Rule and Cobb.

Third Table—The Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Dr. Fischel and Messrs. Faust, McKinney, C. V. Anderson, Gregg, Stanard and Nicholls.

Fourth Table—Senator Clark, August Gehner and Messrs. Torrey, Blake, Dozier, RoBards, Meyer, Goltra.

Fifth Table—Captain Archibald W. Butt, aide to the President, Street Commissioner J. C. Travilla and Messrs. Weston, Cole, Brunk, J. Arthur Anderson and Stevens.

Sixth Table—Congressman Ferris, United States Senator Gore, General John W. Noble, Water Commissioner Ben Adkins and Messrs. Lewis, Smith, Handlan, Kearney.

Seventh Table—Governor Quinby of New Hampshire, Senator Warner, City Comptroller Taussig and Messrs. Gardner, Brinsmade, Pommer, Cheney and Lohmann.

Eighth Table—Governor Prouty of Vermont, Harbor Commissioner Joseph P. Whyte and Messrs. Rein, Dunn, Parkell, Crane, Eisenmayer, Laughlin.

Ninth Table—Governor Sloan of Arizona, President Reber of the Board of Public Improvements, and Messrs. Spencer, McIndoe, Farrell, Fischer, Arnold and Howe.

Tenth Table—Governor Shallenberger of Nebraska, Health Commissioner Bond, Private Secretary Stevens, Franklin Ferris, Secretary Cheney and Messrs. Friend, Von Hoffmann, Adreon.

Eleventh Table—President of the Council J. H. Gundlach, Sewer Commissioner Fardwell, Park Commissioner Scanlan, E. C. Brockmeyer, Secretary to the Postmaster General, and Messrs. Pank, Mealey and Clark.

Twelfth Table—Recorder Charles F. Joy and Messrs. Edwards, Hassett and Wagoner.

You don't fool a Business Men's Leaguer twice in three days. Therefore, when the invitation committee was notified at Natchez that the President would lunch on the Alton that day, Colonel Spencer drew from his

pocket the last letter from Mrs. Spencer, and hastily wrote on the envelope what the President's aide told him, thus:

"On Hill, $\frac{3}{4}$ hour; Grey Eagle, $\frac{3}{4}$; Alton, lunch."

Then he handed the envelope to the aide and presented the pencil in his direction. The envelope came back with this below what Colonel Spencer had written:

"OK. A. W. Butt, for the President."

Colonel Spencer returned to the Alton and showed the envelope to Chairman Senter, Edwards and the rest of the committee. An hour of uncertainty was ended.

The flotilla was behind time about three hours. Commander Tillman arranged his programme for the afternoon in such detail as not to lose any more time and as to add an element of unusual interest to the movement of the boats. He recalled that there had been much bantering talk on the way about the speed of the Alton; therefore, he proposed to give the Business Men's League boat the opportunity to show the rest of the fleet what she really could do. The commander's programme provided that on the departure of the fleet from Natchez, the Oleander would lead at full speed, under instructions to keep it up through the afternoon; that the other boats would follow in such order the Hill would be third from the rear, the President going on the Hill for a visit of forty-five minutes with the Chicago delegation. The Hill would be followed by the Grey Eagle with the Kansas City delegation. Upon the signal of the Hill, the Grey Eagle would draw alongside and take on board the President for a visit there of forty-five minutes. Following the Grey Eagle, the fast Alton would be the last boat out of Natchez, moving up to the Grey Eagle upon signal to receive the President for lunch. The arrival of the President on board the Alton would be notice for that boat to proceed at full speed, with right of way, to overtake the Oleander. The plan was carried out. Taking his station near Captain Leyhe, Colonel Spencer kept time on the movement. An hour and a half after leaving Natchez the Alton began to nose up to the Kansas City boat. The two were made fast, a staging was laid across, and the President, preceded by Captain Butt, and

followed by his three cabinet ministers, came on board. On the cabin deck a line was formed and each member of the Alton party was formally presented by name to the President and to Secretary Dickinson, Postmaster-General Hitchcock and Secretary Nagel. Immediately after the reception the guests were escorted to the cabin and the luncheon was served.

"You are not going to let Butt run this thing?" suggested the President, interrogatively, to Mr. Kerens.

"No," replied the chairman of the afternoon, "not if I have your permission to run it my way."

The shadows were lengthening long before the luncheon ended. A spirited introduction presented the President.

Of the doings on the Alton some inkling must have been conveyed to the President for when he arose to speak and bowed his acknowledgment of the hearty greeting he began by saying he was "glad to be in the center of the real thing." The relationship of the Business Men's League, of St. Louis, which he recognized in the assemblage on the Alton, to this expedition, reminded the President of a story. At a grand operatic performance three ladies in full dress completely filled the front row of a box. Behind and leaning over them were two gentlemen in full view of the whole audience. Farther back, almost obscured, could be distinguished the figure of a third man.

"Who's the man in the dark?" some one asked.

"He's paying for the box," another explained.

The Business Men's League made the application. The President quickly said he was not going to talk to them about the importance of what they were doing, but he did want to tell them it was very delightful to meet the Business Men's League under such circumstances. Regarding the deep waterway movement, the President said, rather significantly, "All I can do is to keep punching Uncle Joe up to where he may make an admission."

"I am glad to say I am an optimist," the President went on, still more significantly. "If a man hasn't that in him I don't think he amounts to much in the com-

munity. The dominant note I have found everywhere in each community, in each county, in each State and in the United States, is optimism."

In conclusion, the President spoke appreciatively of the manner in which he had been entertained by the Business Men's League while in St. Louis. He reviewed briefly the journey to all sections of the country. There was one other man who had stood up through such continuous entertaining and that was the President of the St. Louis World's Fair, who had survived 175 days of this sort of thing.

"I shall have been content at the end of this journey to have followed long after David R. Francis," said the President.

Speaking with utmost seriousness, the President left with his hearers on the Alton this view of the deep waterway movement after the study of the problem from St. Louis southward:

That in his judgment there was no physical obstacle in the United States so great, the people of this country could not overcome it. It simply required that that obstacle be thoroughly as well as sensibly analyzed to insure the most speedy accomplishment.

At the conclusion of the President's remarks, the chairman of the day recognized E. F. Goltra, who addressing the guest of honor said:

"Since you have left St. Louis, the Mississippi has become an arm of the sea and our city is now a seaport. In accordance with sea-going custom, we have held a concert on the Alton, the proceeds of which I am directed to hand to you to be divided between the seaman's homes of New York and Liverpool."

With that explanation, Mr. Goltra delivered to the President the following draft:

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, October 24, 1909.
"En route St. Louis to New Orleans, aboard Steamship
Alton, leaving Natchez.

"At sight pay to the order of the President three hundred (300) dollars.

"EDWARD F. GOLTRA.

"To the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis."

The President accepted the draft with a few words of comment on the confidence the Business Men's League was showing in him.

Very practical and pointed were the words Governor Hadley had to say. Dwelling briefly on the importance and significance of the expedition, he turned the story of the President neatly to account with: "The man who is paying for the box is getting as much out of the show as anybody else."

Without further generalities, the Governor addressed himself to the subject uppermost in his mind and closely related to the purpose of the expedition—the reclamation of the flooded and swamp lands. He told the President and the Governors and the other guests what Missouri is doing. He described how the people of Southeast Missouri had built forty-seven miles of levee which had been accepted and was being maintained as a part of the river regulation. He sketched concisely the drainage movement in the so-called "sunk lands" and the splendid results already achieved although the work is only fairly begun. He pictured glowingly the possibilities of such conservation measures if applied generally throughout the Mississippi Valley.

The Mayor of St. Louis, Mr. Kreismann, followed in a few well chosen words. When in the history of the country has a body of business men entertained as guests at the same function the President of their country, the Governor of their State, and the Mayor of their city? The occasion was historic.

The speech which went home to the Business Men's League and gave the members most to think about was the ten minutes' talk of the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson. The Secretary used the language of business and he voiced the sentiment of the Mississippi Valley. Before he got into transportation, which meant railroads, he was a planter in Mississippi, he said. He had as a young man, traveling on steamboats and watching the rise and fall of floods, become fascinated with the waterway problems. He knew by actual observation the marvelous Devil's Elbow where the channel circles twenty-five miles around a neck of land one-quarter of a mile across. With the impatience of youth, having

waited several seasons to see the river do what seemed the natural thing, Mr. Dickinson mounted to the hurricane deck one day and asked the veteran captain:

"Do you think this river is ever going to cut through the Devil's Elbow?"

"Young man," replied the captain, "after you have been on this river as long as I have, you will know that this river will do whatever it d—n pleases."

Then the Secretary put into speech what the members of the Business Men's League had been thinking.

"We may rest assured of one thing. When the American mind is addressed to this great question, although it may not be solved as we now think, it will be solved in a way even more potential than we think. It is going to tax the ingenuity of our people. The great thing is to start right. It may be that fourteen feet will not be practicable, but that attempt may lead to the discovery of what can be done practically. Even now the river regulates freight tariffs although the river does not carry the freight."

Then the Secretary crystallized in words the thought of the Business Men's League and of the whole Valley that upon the Government rests a primary obligation to take care of the great waterway and to make it fulfill to the people the destiny for which it exists in this Twentieth century. The obligation must be met. And whatever course the Government may take to meet that obligation will result in "tremendous influence upon the transportation interests of the country."

The Postmaster General spoke briefly and cautiously as usual. What he said would have proven a model for an after-dinner effort on any possible occasion.

Secretary Nagel was felicitous, speaking in the combined capacity of host and guest—for the administration and for the Business Men's League.

Then came the Governors, beginning with Governor Quinby, of Vermont, who had been deeply impressed with what he had seen. He, unhesitatingly, declared that the making of the Mississippi navigable from Lakes to Gulf must soon receive the attention of the nation; the engineering problem must be solved. Necessities of

transportation for the heavy products demanded the river route, the Governor argued; the capacity of the railroads must in the near future prove insufficient.

From New Hampshire, Mr. Kerens journeyed to Arizona, for the next speaker. While Arizona was as yet without a voice in shaping legislation and voting appropriations, Governor Sloan said that as soon as the Territory became a State, the West and South could count on Arizona's hearty co-operation in the deep waterway movement.

Back to New England went Mr. Kerens to present Governor Prouty, of Vermont, brother of the Interstate Commerce Commissioner. "My observation," said Governor Prouty, "leads me to believe that the development of the Middle West will make it absolutely necessary to improve the rivers of the Mississippi Valley into highways of commerce. Believing this, it is my judgment that preparations for the work should be undertaken at once."

Could the Governor of a Mississippi Valley State like Nebraska be less positive in his support than the New Englanders. Governor Shallenberger's manner was emphatic and his words were plain. "This nation," he said, "is spending hundreds of millions on a tropic isthmus more than a thousand miles from our Southern shores to build a water highway to carry the commerce of the world. I favored that enterprise while a Member of Congress. I am enough of an American that I would be willing to see as large a sum, if it be found necessary, expended upon our own streams in our own land, to improve the waterways of our own continent, to carry the commerce of the American people that it may find the best markets of the world at the lowest transportation rates."

Out in front Captain Butt had been viewing the approach of the Alton to the Oleander. He had sent Murphy, the secret service operative, upstairs two or three times to tell the pilot to signal the Oleander. Now he went inside and standing where he could see and be seen, looked severely in the direction of Mr. Kerens.

Apparently ignoring the presence of the stalwart aide and guardian of the President's comfort, Mr. Kerens

suavely presented the magician of the Business Men's League. Professor Arnold asked the President to draw a card from a pack which he held and to keep it face downward. Then he made a few more movements, all of the time keeping up a running fire of comment. He asked the President to show his card and "the four of hearts" was exhibited.

"The four of hearts!" said the magician. "Let us see what we have here." He took an egg from a dish and tapped it lightly until he had broken a small hole in the shell. He asked the President to look in the hole to see if there was a small speck in view. The President apparently saw the speck.

"We will see what it is," said Professor Arnold, gradually enlarging the hole, drawing from the interior a folded card, unfolding it and showing another "four of hearts."

The President laughed. Mr. Arnold shuffled the cards again and had one of the Governors draw a card. Then he shuffled the other pack and asked the Governor what card he held. The Governor showed the ace of spades. The magician drew from beneath his hair a card and showed to the President the other ace of spades.

"I'd like to see you do that with a bald-headed man," said the President.

Just then Captain Butt edged his way through the crowd to the President. The Oleander and the Alton were locked together. As the President left the cabin and walked forward the Business Men's League lined the passage and saluted. Passing down the Alton stairway and to the deck of the Oleander the President waved his farewell and his last word was:

"When he tries that bald-headed trick I'll come back."

The boats parted and the Alton dropped back to second place, the position of honor, which the Business Men's League was to hold unchallenged to the end of the voyage. Before the Oleander was two lengths away the Alton orchestra struck up the favorite air

Oh! I had a little hen and she had a wooden leg—
Out into the middle of the deck footed the crack dancers

of the Alton, Gregg and Lohmann and Gardner. The Governors looked on until their faces began to broaden and their feet to shift. David R. Francis extended his hand and Governor Shallenberger grasped it. Then Mr. Kerens led out a Governor. Mr. Dozier took a third for his partner and Mayor Kreismann claimed a fourth. Only Governor Hadley was left sitting. Jep. Howe went over and looked shyly, but the Missouri chief executive smiled and shook his head.

Late in the afternoon the Governors were returned to the St. Paul and the Mayor's party to the Erastus Wells. It had been a great day on the Alton. It had been a great day for the Alton. The Business Men's League boat had passed every other boat in the fleet except the Oleander, and had overtaken the President's boat going at full speed.

Friday Night

WITH the full moon overhead and a hundred feet of water, rather more than less, under her keel the Alton traveled as fast as her place close up to the Oleander would permit her. The expedition was in the stretch of 140 miles which is ready at all times of the year for sea going craft of any draft. The Alton's voyagers had studied the river and had discussed theories. Some of them had materially modified early impressions. For example, Mr. Eisenmayer, the Trenton banker, after an exhaustive examination of the Mississippi River Commission maps, which Colonel Spencer brought on board of the Alton, believed he saw clearly how to do it. He went to the pilot house and submitted his plan. To the man at the wheel, Mr. Eisenmayer said:

"By the map this river seems to be two or three times as long as necessary. Why couldn't the engineers cut through the bends and let the river scour out a straight channel?"

"They could," said the pilot, "but no boat would ever climb back up that hill of water from New Orleans to St. Louis."

That last night on the Alton was one of the most satisfying. The Business Men's League and fellow delegates assembled in the cabin to listen to a talk on the river by Colonel Spencer. Educated at West Point, Colonel Spencer had been for years in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, and in that connection had been familiar with the work of the Mississippi River Commission. All of the way down the Alton people had plied him with questions and had found the Colonel an inexhaustible source of information about the river. This led up to the general request for the talk Friday night. Everybody had seen the maps and had marveled at the sinuosities of the river. A hundred times some one had called attention to corn field or cotton field or canebrake crumbling and caving

into the water on one side while a sand-bar bounded the channel on the other side. The building of the willow mattresses had become a familiar sight. The saving of good land here and the scouring away of a worthless bar there had been noted as evidence of what is being done in a small and piecemeal way by the Government Commission. But Colonel Spencer told some things about the river which had not been seen by those who listened to him. He described the river bottom in a way which was a revelation to those who had seen only the surface of the swirling mud-laden water. The Mississippi river is a succession of pools. The engineers call these pools "reaches." The current is slow over one of the reaches. Then comes a steep slope down which the water moves in a rapid current. For several miles there will be practically no fall in one of these pools. Then in a mile or two will be concentrated the average fall three to six inches a mile, making a swift current. This succession of pools and rapids and varying current causes strange complications when the river rises. A foot of rise in the pool may cause several feet of rise at the end of the rapid leading from one pool to another, modifying the direction of the current.

The large amount of sediment in the water added greatly to the difficulties of permanent improvement, Colonel Spencer explained. When regulation was attempted in one place, it means that the river somewhere below would begin to cut a new channel. Occasionally the river breaks through a narrow place and makes a cut off. That means a saving of perhaps twenty miles in distance. But the river, if not controlled, will at once begin to do something new, perhaps wearing the bends further down so as to add correspondingly to the length of the channel.

The various forms of dykes and revetments which have been tried were described by Colonel Spencer. The satisfactory results of continuous regulation of the river from New Orleans for 140 miles up stream were pointed out. The loss and waste from failure to connect the scattered pieces of work above were stated. Colonel Spencer made it clear that although much that was experimental had been tried and had proven of no per-

manent value, the engineers had gained valuable knowledge thereby. Gradually the laws which govern the Mississippi have been established. The engineers realize that every time an obstruction is put in the river it means the river will exert some new force below. They understand that as the current lessens or increases at any point the sediment carrying power of the water varies.

Colonel Spencer's plain statement of the river's peculiarities and of the long series of experiments, not few of them futile, led up to the conclusion that regulation of the river is, in the minds of the engineers who are most familiar with its vagaries, wholly practicable. Continuous improvement beginning below and working up stream is the vital policy.

To the committee which had provided this entertaining and informing talk by Colonel Spencer, the Business Men's League expressed its appreciation by a vote of thanks.

Then the meeting proceeded to transact business. Chairman Senter and Messrs. Edwards, Weston and Goltra were created a committee on extraordinary expenditures of the trip to present a report and make an assessment per capita. Another committee, Messrs. Torrey, Parker and Kerens, was named to prepare an expression of appreciation for the uniform courtesy shown by officers and crew of the Alton.

Mr. Archie C. RoBards, speaking for his associates, O. M. Friend and Dr. John J. Farrell, told how much the three Hannibal delegates had enjoyed the participation with the Business Men's League delegation in the advantages and opportunities afforded by the Alton.

Mr. J. C. Eisenmayer, of Trenton, followed with his hearty thanks to the Business Men's League. "This Mississippi river," said Mr. Eisenmayer, "is the spinal cord of the nation. We've allowed the marrow to become almost moribund. We've got to restore its function."

The member from Joplin, Mr. Hugh McIndoe, formally thanked his fellow travelers for the privilege of having been one of them, expressing the hope that he might meet every one of them again. This gave Mr. A. P. Rein the text for a stirring five minutes' talk on the

trip. Reviewing the days and the nights on the Alton since leaving St. Louis, Mr. Rein found therein that which made the journey one well worthy to be remembered for a life time. The enjoyment had been keen. The spirit had been hilarious. But there had been the serious side, the steady purpose, the influence exercised on a high plane. He believed the deep waterway movement had been aided in no small degree by those who had traveled on the Alton. And every delegate of them was a better man for the trip.

Long and heartily his hearers applauded Mr. Rein's stirring words.

Edward W. Mealey, the representative of the Governor of Maryland, told graphically how the voyage on the Alton had impressed a man from Hagerstown. To further delay the improvement of the Mississippi into a deep waterway will be "a monumental national disgrace," Colonel Mealey declared.

Jay L. Torrey spoke of the sentimental phase of the voyage. The good feeling which had pervaded cabin and deck of the Alton from start to finish had left a grateful sense in his mind. The commander of Torrey's Rough Riders felt as if he had joined a new organization—the brotherhood of the Alton.

With the recollection of many mystified guests of the Business Men's League on the journey, George L. Edwards suggested that a vote of thanks was due to the great amateur magician, T. B. Arnold. Everybody thought so, too, and the vote was acclaimed.

William A. Gardner, representing the Merchants' Exchange and speaking for several other delegates, said he felt that some formal acknowledgment was due from them to the Business Men's League of St. Louis for the advantages made possible by the charter of the Alton. The Business Men's League was unanimously thanked, and Chairman Senter was requested to communicate the sentiment of the delegates representing other organizations.

Somebody suggested that Mr. Nicholls had been busy with paper and pencil and was prepared to entertain his fellow delegates with a topical song if properly encouraged. Mr. Nicholls was not coy. He drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket and sang.

THE ALTON'S TRIP IN RHYME.

When Mr. Nicholls had completed the thirteenth verse the meeting adjourned to the deck. Mr. Nicholls resumed the singing and continued until he had reeled off twenty-three verses. Then Mr. Adreon appeared with a rope having a slip noose. The loop was placed around the singer's neck and the other end was thrown around a beam overhead. Mr. Nicholls was asked how much more there was of his composition. He replied that he had fifty-seven varieties of metre. By a unanimous vote, the deep water troubadour was given the choice of hanging then and there or of promising not to sing the remaining thirty-four verses. After some reflection Mr. Nicholls agreed not to sing any more if Mr. Hassett would recite. Mr. Hassett said he couldn't recite; he was hoarse. Mr. Dozier found a lemon which cleared up the situation. Mr. Hassett recited and Mr. Nicholls was suppressed.

A few sample verses may account for the excitement which Mr. Nicholls' topical song aroused:

Ed Goltra is a gay old chap,
He made a bully walker;
He won the race by a one inch lap,
Ed surely is a corker.

There was one man by the name of Hassett
Who sang, danced and got excited;
You never could afford to miss it
When he got up and recited.

W. K. Stanard sang so sweet
We wanted to hear him often,
But he was always in retreat
With his friend, J. R. Laughlin.

Of all the card sharks in the world
Is Arnold; he can't be beat;
Bold Charley Crane asked him to play,
But Charley got cold feet.

E. L. Adreon had a boil
And put on it a tomato plaster;
C. D. Gregg was averse to toil,
But of dancing he was a master.

Charley Nicholls never did smile,
Nor ever said a word;
They thought he was deaf and dumb for a while.
And hung him like a bird.

Spectacular, indeed, was the midnight approach to Baton Rouge. Half an hour before the landing was reached there was in view from the decks of the fleet a continuous display of shooting rockets, bursting bombs and fire balloons. From one place, an elevation in the heart of Louisiana's capital city, spouted high the flames of many hues. The sight drew to the forward deck the entire party of the Alton and held everybody fascinated until the landing was made. The Erastus Wells essayed to come next to the Oleander, but was ordered below the Alton by a command from the President's boat. Somebody on the Alton geyed the pilot of the Erastus Wells for his mistake.

"Hold on boys," exclaimed Chairman Senter, "don't do it. That's our Mayor's boat, remember."

There was immediate silence on the Alton's deck, a mark of respect to Mayor Kreismann. A few minutes later the purpose of the effort to land the Wells close to the President's boat was apparent. When the harbor boat left St. Louis, there was carried on it a large oil painting to be presented to the President. The subject was the artist's vision of St. Louis as a seaport. The purpose had been to present the painting at some opportune hour but the last night had come and the picture was still undelivered.

After the President and the crowd had gone up to the Federal building for the midnight meeting, four men came down the gang way of the Erastus Wells carrying what in the shadows appeared like a stretcher. They picked their way up the levee past the Alton and went on board the Oleander. They were carrying the great painting which, frame and all, was no easy load over a rough road.

An hour after midnight, the Alton contingent came aboard telling of the throng of four thousand who had remained up half of the night to give the President one of the heartiest receptions of the trip. As the boats backed out and turned down stream, Baton Rouge still had enthusiasm to burn. The volcano of fire-works was active and a red glare overhung the city.

Saturday



ENTHUSIASM over the voyage of the Alton began with the sundown departure from St. Louis and grew until the noonday arrival at New Orleans. When the Alton had shown her stern to everything in the fleet except the Presidential flagship, the business men proclaimed her the "Queen of the Mississippi." Every landing had been made close behind the Oleander. Not a business man had been left at any port because of premature departure. But, on the other hand, the Alton had never backed away from any landing without giving refuge and comfort to somebody who had failed to make connection with his own boat. On board the Alton had been breakfasted, dined, suppered and entertained an assortment of guests the like of which no other craft in the fleet had known. Not once had the "Queen" scraped bottom. At no time had the Alton bumped into another boat. At the end of these days and nights of voyaging the sense of satisfaction rose to the resolution pitch. Jay L. Torrey, George W. Parker and R. C. Kerens were chosen to express the unanimous sentiment. A thundering "aye" went up as Colonel Torrey, in ringing tones concluded the following:

Resolved, That the members of the Business Men's League and their guests who are passengers on the steamer Alton on the remarkable voyage from St. Louis to the Gulf, October 25 to October 30, 1909, as a part of the President's fleet, hereby individually and collectively bear enthusiastic testimony to the fact that every act of the officers and crew, on the entire trip, has been courteous and considerate, and we are glad to recognize the fact that they have greatly contributed to our comfort and happiness on this memorable journey.

Resolved, That it is a source of pride and pleasure to all of us to know that it is our good fortune to be passengers on the steamer Alton, which has proven to be the fastest boat in the fleet and won the proud title of the "Queen of the Mississippi."

Resolved, That our thanks and well wishes are hereby extended to Commodore Henry Leyhe and all members of the crew, as follows: Captain Henry Leyhe, Mate George King, Pilot Charles O'Neal, Pilot G. W. Clark, Purser W. O. Lewis, Steward F. Worley, Head Engineer F. Buthman, Second Engineer Joe Hill, Quartermaster J. F. Post, Quartermaster S. McKee, Deck Watchman Lee Hoff, Cabin Watchman George Rinne and Carpenter W. T. Rinne.

A final business meeting was held in the Alton cabin Saturday morning after breakfast. Chairman Senter stated the proposition of Governor Hadley to offer a prize for a Missouri song. The meeting voted to assess the Alton party a sufficient sum to make up one-fourth the prize.

Then a motion was made and carried unanimously that David R. Francis be recommended for chairman and spokesman for the Missouri delegation in the convention. After the arrival in New Orleans the full Missouri delegation unanimously elected Mr. Francis chairman.

Saturday morning brought new scenes and new company. Just ahead of the Alton, and following the Oleander was the torpedo flotilla. All the way down the river the torpedo boats kept far ahead and out of sight until the last half day. They held the position between the Oleander and the Alton for two hours and then they were sent on ahead to New Orleans to participate in the naval reception and salutes with the battleship Mississippi, and the cruisers New York, Montana and North Carolina.

One of the incidents of the morning was the interchange of greetings between the Alton and the delegates from Shreveport, Alexandria and other Northern Louisiana points. These delegates were making the trip to New Orleans by one of the most unusual methods of transportation. They had an immense railroad barge loaded with Pullman cars where they ate and slept. The motive power was a huge transfer boat. After the cheering on both sides, the transfer boat with its barge dropped back and took a place in the fleet formation.

Upon the hurricane deck the amateur photographers of the Alton party—Pommer, Stanard and Hoffmann—who had been industrious every hour of daylight on the trip—snapped their last shots.

The last hours of the journey were informing in many ways. They showed the Business Men's League what finished work does for the river. They revealed a portion of the great alluvial valley which has ceased to fear the flood period, where permanent improvements are made and where the productiveness is very great. Mile after mile the Alton passed between continuous settlements on both sides of the river. School children stood in files waving flags and singing "America." Prosperity and patriotism were apparent to the eye and to the ear.

An hour's distance above New Orleans, the Oleander whistled and drifted. The Alton came up within megaphone shot. Over the water came the command to form the column in accordance with the original order. It was received in dead silence on the Alton. It meant falling back to fifth place, behind the Cabinet boat, the Congressmen's boat and the Governor's boat. But almost immediately from the Oleander came a second command: "Proceed as you are and follow us into the harbor."

Mr. Kerens came down from the Alton pilot house, his face beaming.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have just been accorded the place of highest honor—to escort the President's boat into the harbor. You can't keep a squirrel on the ground."

And so it was that in the thrilling entree of New Orleans harbor, the grand climax of the historic five days' and five nights' voyage, the Alton bearing the St. Louis Business Men's League delegation had the proud distinction of being next to the President's boat. Little was said on board the Alton. The delegates stood silent in the midst of a demonstration without parallel in the history of the Mississippi. Humanity fringed both river banks, covered the docks and dotted the roofs of houses. The cheering was continuous. Ocean steamships of many foreign flags dipped their colors to the Chief Magistrate of this nation. Half an hour's distance from the

landing the salutes began to boom. From one ship after another down the long line came the puffs of smoke and seconds later the sounds. Every kind of craft was "dressed." On the warships the jackies stood in long ribbons of white duck against the sombre gray metal.

The closing function of the Business Men's League delegation was a breakfast in honor of William K. Kavanaugh. The President of the Deep Waterway Association had been invited repeatedly in the course of the voyage to be the guest of honor on the Alton. His duties on other boats had prevented him from accepting. As the Alton entered the harbor of New Orleans a committee, with L. D. Dozier as chairman, was chosen to manifest the sentiment of the delegation toward President Kavanaugh. Sunday morning Mr. Kavanaugh was escorted to a famous restaurant of Old New Orleans—Antoine's. There, seated on the right of Chairman Dozier, with Speaker Cannon as his vis-a-vis, the head of the Deep Waterway movement was told of the feeling of the St. Louis delegation toward him. Those who were present at the breakfast to honor President Kavanaugh were David R. Francis, E. F. Goltra, Charles P. Senter, R. C. Kerens, George L. Edwards, Senator William Warner and George W. Parker.

The voyage ended as the Business Men's League delegation marched down the gangplank of the Alton at the foot of Canal Street. There remained, however, the closing act of the delegation to be performed through the chairman and spokesman chosen just before the Alton landed. Voicing the sentiments and the conclusions of this delegation on the Alton, which had been growing day by day, David R. Francis, chairman of the Missouri delegation, arose in the Deep Waterway Convention and said:

"I think the time has come for action. This Mississippi River is entitled to our consideration from a sentimental standpoint, if from no other. If it had not been for the navigability of the Mississippi River we would never have purchased the Louisiana Territory.

"It was the demand for an outlet for the products of the Valley that induced Thomas Jefferson to put aside the convictions of a lifetime and purchase this great

territory from France. If we had not purchased this territory I do not know whether this Government would have survived as long as it has. Furthermore, this river belongs to the Government, and we people living along its banks have not the right to improve it; and if the Government will not give us the right to improve it and to charge the tolls, then it is the duty of the Government to improve it itself.

"I have been somewhat impatient listening to the suggestions made during our journey down the river about the feasibility of improving the Mississippi River. In June, 1902, the Congress of the United States, by almost unanimous vote, adopted a resolution to build a canal across the isthmus connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans without knowing what it would cost, and without caring what the tax would impose upon the people of the country.

"They bought out the Panama Canal Company for \$40,000,000. They paid Panama \$10,000,000 for the right of way. The French Government had expended \$160,000,000 in attempting to build a canal across the isthmus. They, at that time, were looked upon as the most scientific people on the face of the globe. In the face of that experience we determined to build a canal.

"Do you mean to say that we now ought to hesitate about improving this river, and building a ship canal from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico?

"We need this canal to hold the trade of the country. Canada is building canals, and you will find that the export grain through the port of Montreal is increasing in a much more rapid ratio than through New York City. You will find, furthermore, that Canada today is planning a 20-foot canal via the Georgian Bay, so in case of war she can get her warships on the Great Lakes and we can not. You are aware that the treaty between the United States and Great Britain prohibits either country from building any warships or maintaining them on the Great Lakes. So, from whatever standpoint, gentlemen, it is our duty to act promptly.

"I heard a gentleman say from the rostrum this afternoon that this Mississippi River was a great land maker. It is a great land destroyer. The soil that is washed by

the Mississippi River into the Gulf of Mexico every year is worth to us more annually than the cost of this ship canal from the Gulf to the Lakes. It would take 500 trains of fifty cars each, carrying fifty tons each, 313 days in the year to carry the soil that is annually washed by the Mississippi River into the Gulf of Mexico.

"I would have Congress, if I had the power, declare for the improving of the Mississippi River, or rather the building of this waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf, as it declared itself concerning the Panama Canal."

And then the convention, without dissenting voice and with a mighty cheer, adopted the resolution of Governor Francis to send five hundred delegates to Washington at the opening of Congress to present the memorial asking action now.

JAN 8 - 1958

